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IMMORTALITY.



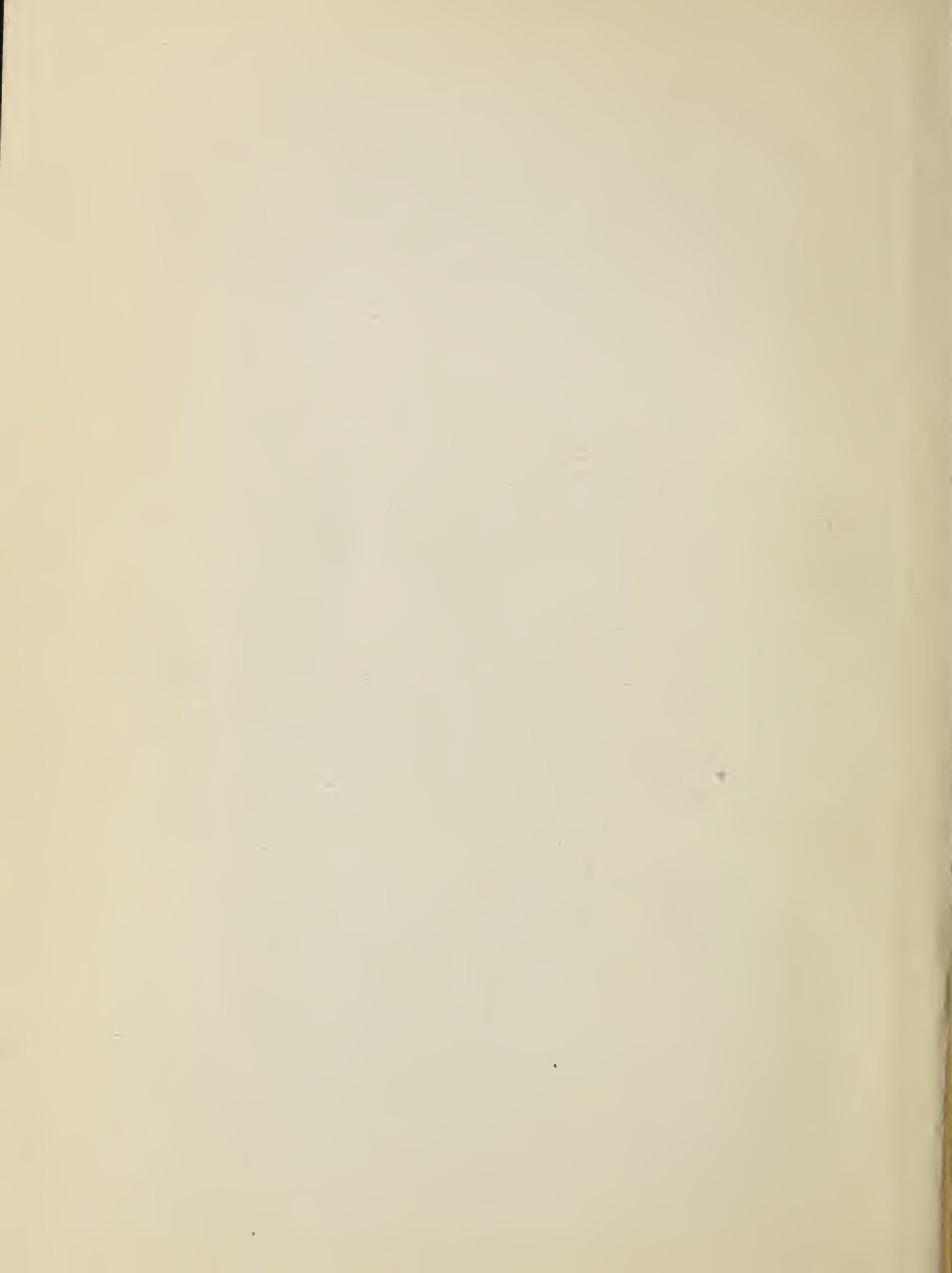
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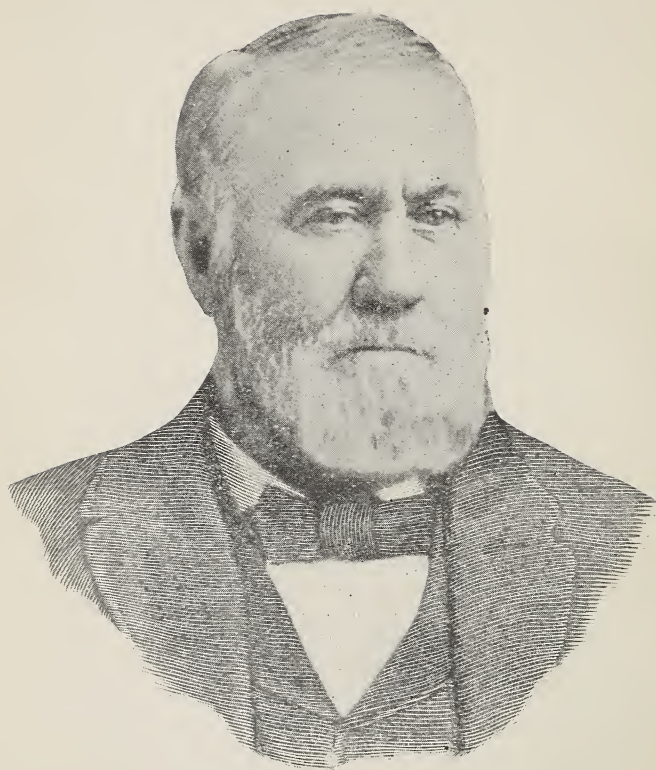
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DR. A. M. RAINES.

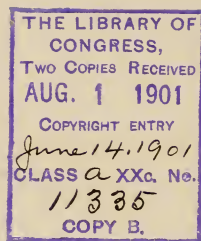
IMMORTALITY;

OR,

THE HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

By E. C. H. WILLOUGHBY, A. M.

ST. LOUIS:
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1901.



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DEDICATION.

This book is a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Dr. A. M. Raines, who departed this life, April 9th, 1901, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. Morris, St. Louis Baptist Hospital, corner Franklin and Garrison avenues, St. Louis, Mo. Deceased had reached the age of 74 years. He had been in fairly good health up to the time that he was taken suddenly ill, four days before his death. He was a man of noble qualities, and he endeared himself to all who became acquainted with him. This was apparent, when it was announced to the inmates of the Hospital that Dr. Raines was dead. A burden of sorrow seemed to rest on all. Silence and tears were the unmistakable evidence that each one had lost a very dear friend. In his manner, he had a social magnetism that drew many friends around him; and the same genial spirit and manner held them in confidence and love. He was true to every obligation of honor, virtue and religion, a kind and discreet father, an affectionate husband, and a most faithful and devoted friend.

During a long period of professional life, some forty years, in Marion and Lewis counties, Mo., he

was assiduous in his practice. He was a true "physician of the old school." It was the writer's privilege to be with him daily, during the greater part of the last year of his life, and to learn by observation the social and moral qualities that gave him so great an influence over those around him. Our conversations were principally upon religious topics, especially upon themes connected with death, the grave, the intermediate state and the resurrection of the body. It was such an unusual thing for one to introduce such topics in casual conversation, that it made a deep impression on the mind of the writer, and when he died, memory and sympathy seemed to revive all that we had said, and to give life and reality to our conclusions. It was this that suggested the putting in permanent form, such instructions and consolations, as would be calculated to give comfort to those walking in the valley and shadow of death, and help those who mourn departed friends to be resigned to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

E. C. H. WILLOUGHBY.

St. Louis Baptist Hospital,
2945 Franklin Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

IMMORTALITY; OR, THE HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

PROLOGUE.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

The ties that bind us to the dead
Lead us o'er their graves to spread
The flowery products of the spring,
That loving, mourning hearts do bring.

The heart's relieved by drawing near
That sacred consecrated spot;
The soul's unburdened by the tear,
That tells that we forget them not.

The silent dead unconscious are,
As far as we on earth can know,
Of mourning friends, who, standing there,
Do o'er their graves the flowerets strew.

Uncertain yet, we here below,
Alone can doubtfully surmise,
How much or little they do know,
Who, blest, do dwell beyond the skies.

Perhaps there's some mysterious tie,
To us on earth, as yet unknown,
That brings their happy spirits nigh,
That worship round that glorious throne.

Perhaps, they our guardian angels are,
And note each tear and silent prayer;
And, O perhaps, they do inspire
Each holy thought, each fond desire.

Cold unbelief would draw the line
Of demarcation at the tomb;
But thus to limit and define
All this, unreasoning they assume.

Upon our souls inscribed are
Just sentiments and holy laws,
T' infringe these laws, let no one dare,
Lest harm upon himself he draws.

In all remembrance of the dead,
No hesitation need we feel;
Obey the instincts in us bred,
Nor nature's holy laws repeal.

By some cold natures love's dispelled;
The reason why, we may not know;
By some we are drawn, by some repelled;
And why, we cannot tell, nor how.

In all society here below,
In groups and circles we are bound;
In these, we kind attention show,
In these, our chief enjoyment's found.

Friendship and love together blend,
In unison, as one sweet flower,
Nurtured with care it never ends,
Immortal is in heavenly bower.

When we are drawn by secret charm,
Of mutual similitude,
We feel a love, confiding, warm,
As earnest friendship ever should.

If mutual confidence arise,
And sympathy, true friendship's test,
Such friends will more each other prize,
And on this solid basis rest.

He that hath friends, must friendly be,
So doth the Holy Scripture run ;
In all that's true, they must agree,
If fervent, lasting friendship's won.

And such was he, in nature's mold,
Of true and rare nobility ;
Of such as he, few are enrolled
On tablets of our memory.

A friend to all, not one alone,
A friend for aye, no transient one ;
To all he did most kindly feel,
And held his friends with hooks of steel

In converse grave, becoming age,
Much time was profitably passed ;
From memory's enduring page,
No word shall ever be erased.

Of life, and death, and the silent grave
We talked, and of that blessed state,
Where dwell all those the Lord doth save,
Whose resurrection power they wait.

We little deemed, that either one,
That knowledge would so soon attain,
Of things divine, beyond the sun;
So soon that heavenly truth obtain.

And when I saw that aged man
Wrapt in the cerements of the tomb,
O'er all the past my memory ran;
My mind was filled with deepest gloom.

By faith that gloom was soon dispelled,
The storm of nature soon was quelled;
I seemed to pass with him the grave,
With him, the power of death to brave.

Of love and sympathy, that power
Did draw my soul, in that sad hour,
From all that cloud of deepest gloom,
That overhung that sorrowing home.

With him, I seemed to pass the flood
Of death's dark stream, and joyful stand
On Canaan's happy shore, where stood
The shining ones, an angel band,

On that immortal golden strand,
To greet his soul, with loving hand,
And welcome him to their blest land,
And such was their divine command.

All Scripture truth assumed new power,
Nor longer seemed a glimmering dream,
In that dark and sorrowful hour;
The things of heaven, to see I seem.

No myth to me was then the theme
Of gospel truth, no fancy's dream;
By faith my sense was clarified,
To see, why Jesus for us died.

Before the Lord in the grave was laid,
He to the heavenly Father prayed,
O, when I shall ascend to thee,
With me may my disciples be.

The glory, which with thee I shared
Before time was, for me prepared,
For these, this is my loving prayer,
With me, that glory they may share.

On faith's sun rock, we solid stand,
In all we say of Heaven's fair land;
And all the glories we portray,
Is what the Holy Scriptures say.

Our dear loved friend all this now knows,
On which, dim light our faith bestows;
Then to ourselves let us be true,
And prove our faith, as it is due,

And learn, more earnestly to strive
To win that heavenly crown above;
And all our energy revive,
To serve the Lord we claim to love.

Transfigured then will friendship be,
When with transcendent virtues we
Shall be arrayed, in robes so bright,
That dazzling shine, all glistening white.

SECTION ONE.

THE DYING SAINT.

A shadow now our path doth cross,
A cloud of gloom, so dark and chill ;
Bereaved, we feel our heavy loss,
And bow submissive to His will.

A voice is now forever stilled,
A kindly voice we loved to hear ;
Those lips are now forever sealed,
Whose loving smile to us was dear.

So gently sank he to his rest,
His life of love and labor done,
As sinks the sun in the glowing west,
When he his daily course hath run,

As sinks the sun in the western main,
And dips his orb beneath the wave,
Gathering in his glittering train,
To rise again from watery grave.

Renewed in strength, in eastern skies,
With glory new, he now doth rise;
From orient hills, in morning bright,
He springs arrayed in new-born light.

Lo! o'er the hills in crimson and gold,
The Lord of radiant morn, behold!
From purple heights he upward springs,
And scatters light from golden wings.

Forth from the chambers of the east,
Like strong man girt to run a race,
The king of day, from night released,
All glorious mounts th' aerial space.

The clouds that fleck the firmament o'er
Like purple isles with a golden shore,
Sail o'er the vast cerulean plain,
And cast their shadows o'er the main.

So bursts the soul from its clay thrall,
When death doth cut the vital thread,
Th' inevitable doom of all,
Who do life's mournful pathway tread.

Above the clouds, the spirit free,
Blest now to all eternity,
Doth bask in everlasting light,
While we do grope in mournful night.

Now on his vision bursts a wondrous sight,
Where ransomed souls forever reign,
And in His presence take delight,
Where sorrow never comes, nor pain.

No mortal eye hath ever seen,
Those shining plains forever green ;
No mortal ear hath heard the song,
Sung by th' enraptured blood-washed throng.

But faith unfolds those vistas bright
Through which we scan the glorious state,
Of saints arrayed in snowy white,
Where glittering crowns for conquerors wait.

From midnight gloom to that estate,
From scenes of woe and tears of grief,
From death to life, the change, how great,
Dear Lord ! O, help our unbelief.

Now from our eyes remove the beam,
And all that now obscures the sight,
Or renders our perception dim,
To glories that the saints delight.

May our sad hearts some comfort take,
In midst of all our tears and grief;
May we rejoice for his dear sake,
And in his joy find some relief.

He will to us return no more,
While stands the earth, or shines the sun,
But soon may we, in happy hour,
Join him, when our life's race is run.

In God's sure word, as in a glass,
His joy in that estate behold,
Where saints their time in pleasures pass,
As holy prophets have foretold.

Then let our hearts be strong and brave,
Nor in the hour of sorrow shrink,
The cup which our dear Father gave,
Though bitter, may we humbly drink.

That mingled cup of joy and pain
To all of human race is given ;
The elements of loss and gain
Prepare the afflicted soul for heaven

Affliction works immortal gain,
Who sow in tears shall reap in joy ;
Think not your tears and sorrows vain,
That bring you bliss without alloy.

To one who mourned her absent Lord,
Whom, in her tears, she knew not now,
He spake the sweet consoling word,
“ Woman,” He said, “ why weepest thou ? ”

In tears the stricken soul doth find
To anguish deep a holy balm ;
For weeping brings the troubled mind
A sure relief, a heavenly calm.

When mortal grief is too severe,
And more than human strength can bear,
The aching soul, without a tear
To bring relief, doth sadly fare.

We do not weep, as some do weep,
Dear souls, without a hope, forlorn ;
We weep for one who now doth sleep
And waits the resurrection morn.

When love is blended with our grief,
Then floods of tears will freely flow ;
Love brings to sorrow great relief ;
Love is the solace of our woe.

Now on the cloud of our deep grief,
Are painted scenes of other days ;
Fond memory brings a sad relief,
As on those scenes we fondly gaze.

Thrice happy scene, the bridal day ;
Thrice happy day, in childhood's hour,
So free from care, so blithe and gay ;
So blest is manhood's prime and flower.

In our deep grief the Lord hath spoken,
Rests in the grave that noble form ;
The pillar of our strength is broken ;
And we alone must breast the storm.

The sands of life were running fast,
The tide of life was ebbing slow,
O'er every face a gloom was cast,
And time was short with him below.

His reason glimmering 'gan to fail,
And recognition went and came,
His countenance then grew more pale,
More feeble burned the vital flame.

Conviction then on us was pressed,
As slow his vital power did wane,
That he would soon be with the blest;
Then scarce our tears could we restrain.

We hoped 'gainst hope; but when at last,
We knew the mortal die was cast,
And when the agony was passed,
The floods of tears flowed full and fast,

Our grieving souls with anguish dazed,
As face to face with death we stood,
Our mourning hearts with sorrow crazed,
We did not think him gone, nor could.

As bent we then, o'er the silent dead
From whom so late the life had fled,
Gathered around his dying bed,
O'erwhelmed with woe, no word was said.

In tears we watched the fleeting breath,
As sank he slowly to his rest;
He now has passed the gates of death;
He reigns forever with the blest.

Now o'er that couch, the scene of woe,
And breaking hearts, there seemed to glow,
A light divine; a radiance shed
A sacred halo round his head.

O, 'twas a solace to our grief,
To aching hearts a sweet relief,
To see upon that loving face,
The smile, that heaven alone could trace,

As if an angel caught that smile,
As entered heaven that happy soul,
Us from our sorrow to beguile,
Shed round his face that auriolate.

And in our hearts so lonely now,
A sacred memory enshrined,
That holy glow, round his fair brow,
Will soothe the sorrows of the mind.

With resignation we would bow,
To heaven's all-wise and just decree,
And nature's fixed demand allow,
Though hence in grief we lonely be.

He now hath entered into rest,
O hope divine to souls distressed!
He spake those words, who knoweth best,
Of him who now is with the blest.

A holy smile hath settled now
Upon that cold and pallid brow,
No more shall deep distress and care,
In graven lines be written there.

Follow now that ransomed spirit's flight,
To realms of everlasting light,
Where gates of pearl, and streets of gold,
And jasper walls, he doth behold.

Within those walls the crystal tide
Of Life's fair stream doth ever glide,
The city's space its waves divide,
With tree of life on either side.

His is the gain, and ours the loss ;
His is the crown, and ours the cross ;
His battle's fought, the victory won,
While we our race have yet to run.

Farewell, dear husband, father, friend,
In whom these names of love do blend ;
Farewell, farewell, but not forever,
We'll meet again by Life's pure river.

All flesh is grass, the pride of man
A fading flower, his life a span,
Like early cloud, or morning dew,
So runs the Holy Scripture true.

And now, the great transition's made,
The soul, th' immortal part, hath fled ;
The flesh, the debt of nature paid,
Shall rest a time among the dead,

Until the archangel's trump shall sound,
Through all the sky the earth around;
Then death and graves shall cease to be;
The dead shall rise from land and sea.

No more shall darkness and despair
Make sinful timorous mortals quail;
For Hope serene stands smiling there,
Her anchor cast within the veil.

“ Write now,” a voice from heaven did cry,
“ From henceforth blessed are the dead,
Whoever in the Lord doth die;”
And thus the Holy Spirit said.

We laid our loved one in the grave;
Hope's brightest flowers that grave adorn;
His soul is with the Lord, who gave
Until the resurrection morn.

We can but feel our loss, and grieve;
But when we think of his great gain,
The joy of those who do believe,
We can not, must not, more complain.

SECTION TWO.

THE TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

With life begins the work of death,
He sows his seed with every breath,
Nor ever intermits the strife
Waged 'gainst the citadel of life.

He never rests, nor doth he wait,
In his remorseless blighting pace,
No care hath he for good and great,
Fell foe of all the human race.

“Of dust, to dust shall thou return,”
Is on his sable banner borne;
He holds commission from on high;
“Whoever sins shall surely die.”

It hath been said, “By one man’s sin,”
A door for death to enter in
Is opened wide; and now on all
Of Adam’s race the curse doth fall.

No one's exempt, for all do sin;
Of Adam's race, no man hath been
In his own works of righteousness
Perfect, that God could justly bless,

No arm could reach man's case, forlorn,
Nor unto him salvation bring;
The sinful state in which he's born
Doth set the trap, that death doth spring.

Unlawful joys, with artful smile,
The wayward soul do now beguile;
He takes, and on himself doth bring
His woe, and Satan's deadly sting.

Now man's estate's a sealed book;
Upon its page no man can look
With eye of sense; and men of old
By wisdom sought their fate, untold.

God sits on His eternal throne,
A jasper, like, and sardine stone,
A glistening white and ruby red
About his throne their radiance shed.

About his throne in solemn state,
Four living ones in silence wait;
The four and twenty elders there
Do humbly bow in praise and prayer.

High o'er the throne, an arch above,
An emerald bow, a pledge of love,
Fit emblem of the covenant made,
The flood of death should now be stayed.

And in his hand a sealed book,
A seven sealed mysterious roll,
On which no mortal man may look,
Or read the contents of that scroll.

The mind of God, that sealed book,
On it no angel e'er could look;
Those secrets, writ e'er time began,
Are now to be revealed to man.

O sad and lamentable state;
A guilty race at death's dark gate,
Who there in sorrow silent wait,
Unknown the inexorable fate.

Loud peals an angel's trumpet-tone,
Who worthy is this book to ope,
Let him approach th' eternal throne,
And open wide the door of hope.

Through heaven's immeasurable bound,
There reigned a silence dire, profound;
No seraph or archangel spake;
None worthy found those seals to break.

And John, who saw that scene, did weep,
With floods of tears, and sorrow deep;
“ Weep not, then said a shining one,
For, Judah's Lion strong hath won.”

He looked, and saw before the throne,
With symbols clothed, the Bleeding One,
The dreadful conflict He had fought,
To man He now salvation brought.

Now boldly He approached the throne,
Equal Himself to God alone,
In virtue of His bleeding wounds,
While heaven's high arch with song resounds.

From Him upon the throne He took,
The fateful seven sealed book ;
The living ones, and elders then
Praised Him in song for saving men.

From golden censors now they poured
Their praise and prayers for man restored,
On golden harps with quivering strings
To Him who man's salvation brings,

To Him who on the cross did die,
Do now with loud hozannas cry,
And render praise to Him on high,
In sounding notes from earth and sky.

Worthy's the Lamb that man hath slain,
Who died for sin, but lives again,
To wash him from his guilty stain,
That Paradise he may attain.

From Him upon the throne He took,
From His right hand, the sealed book ;
With thunder peals the seals He brake ;
And then in tones of love He spake.

O'er land and sea, through earth and sky,
The hope-inspiring words do fly;
Creation hears the blissful sound
Of hope, to earth's remotest bound.

The reign of sin is overthrown,
And Satan's driven from his throne;
The sting of death no longer fear,
He comes! the great salvation's near.

Upon the shameful cross He died;
His hands, His feet, His pierced side,
The blood divine, the crimson tide,
A free salvation doth provide.

And in the chambers of the dead,
His form by loving hands was laid;
Lowly was laid His sacred head,
In cerements of the grave arrayed.

The appointed time His form did wait,
Where sleep the dead, both small and great,
Then came the earthquake's rending shock;
Then forth He came from riven rock.

Forth from the chambers of the dead
A conqueror divine He came,
And captive, captivity He led ;
The Lord of life, from thence His name.

An angel rolled the rock away,
That closed the entrance to the tomb,
His face like lightning's flashing ray,
To soldiers there, a sign of doom.

The women came at early dawn,
With them their sweetest spices bring
Upon that resurrection morn,
A tribute to their Lord and King.

An angel sat upon the stone ;
His countenance like lightning shone,
His raiment, like the driven snow,
With radiance divine did glow.

At sight of him the keepers shake ;
With terror then their souls did quake,
And like the dead those guards became,
Seeing that blinding face of flame.

The angel spake in kindest tone,
To those devoted women lone,
In loving words of kindest cheer,
"Your Lord is risen, ye need not fear."

"Come see the place in which He lay,"
The messenger divine did say,
"He's gone before to Galilee,
And there with joy you Him shall see."

And now, those women filled with joy,
And thrilled with bliss without alloy,
Instant they run, with utmost speed,
To tell, "the Lord is risen indeed."

As now upon their mission bent,
On which the angel had them sent,
The glorious tidings to convey,
They met the Lord, while on their way.

"All hail!" was His first greeting word,
They heard and joyful knew their Lord;
And at His feet they prostrate fall
And worship Him the Lord of all.

So long and full the story's told,
That sweetest tale, the story old,
The direful cross, and Calvary's woes,
How from the dead the Lord arose.

A twice told tale oft wearies one,
Who listless is, whose mind doth run
On trivial things, with senses dull,
Of earthly things, whose soul is full.

But when we think of death's dark gate,
To mortal man his certain fate,
And where death's ebon shadow falls,
The tomb man's fearful soul appals.

But when in hope our dead are laid,
Within that dark and silent grave,
The sweetest words, or writ or said,
"The Lord from death hath power to save."

With joy we dwell upon those words,
By rote repeat them o'er and o'er,
To stricken souls this tale affords
A perfect joy for evermore.

Our Lord a full provision made,
For those who feel a fear to die;
Sin's penalty He fully paid
In man's forlorn extremity.

Divested of His dignity,
As creation's sovereign Lord,
He laid aside divinity,
In flesh was clothed the wondrous Word.

Nor angel's nature did He take
Upon Himself; for our own sake,
In flesh His dwelling He did make,
And Satan's fearful bondage break.

Lower than angels was He made,
To suffer death with sinful men,
And in the grave His form was laid,
To show Himself their Brother then.

For it became the loving Lord,
That many brethren He might bring,
Unto His home, as saith the Word,
That they His praise should ever sing.

Perfect through suffering was He made,
Their Captain of salvation great;
Obedience, too, He learned, 'tis said,
By taking on Himself our state.

He greatly suffered in our stead;
With tears He agonized, and plead
With Him, who able was to save,
From cruel death and darksome grave.

“ O let from me this cup now pass,”
This cup of dreadful misery,
O'ercome my anguished soul; alas!
How else shall man's salvation be?

“ Nevertheless, thy will be done,”
Said now the stricken suffering Son;
The Father heard the pleading One,
And by His death, He victory won.

And now to us the Lord doth say,
Who with me suffers now, shall share
With me in everlasting day,
Those mansions bright that I prepare.

SECTION THREE.

THE VICTORY OVER THE GRAVE.

When, on the cross, the Savior died,
By all deserted and denied,
That He might save a guilty race,
On them bestow His heavenly grace,

He felt the pain of parching thirst,
Of piercing steel, the cruel thrust,
That from His side that stream should flow,
That He on all might life bestow.

A cloud of gloom the cross o'erhung,
The scoff and jeer at Him were flung,
And from His lips came forth the cry,
“ Eloi, lama sabachthani.”

Then o'er His breast He bent His head ;
“ My work is done,” He dying said,
And, “ O my Father, I commend
My soul to thee, as life doth end.”

Another scene must now take place,
Before He wins the victory ;
The ransom's paid for Adam's race,
The grave must now despoiled be.

He must that realm profound invade,
That habitation of despair,
Where generations have been laid,
Where all of hope abandoned are.

On death's dark gate; these words of fear,
On lintel high, and bold and clear,
" O, in these realms, so dark and drear,
Bid hope farewell, who enter here."

O, in that charnel house of woe,
Forgotten generations lie ;
The countless thousand thousands grow ;
Unceasing, generations die.

And death's dark stream is dark and wide,
And swift its ever onward flow ;
Resistless is its turbid tide ;
No rest its angry waters know.

And, on the bosom of this flood,
Unwilling generations go ;
Nor can it be, by men, withstood ;
No ransom death doth ever know.

The grave, the ocean, where the tide
Of sin and death doth ever glide,
Is never full, but still supplied,
Its yawning deeps, unsatisfied.

O, where is now the mighty rod
Of him, who crossed the sea dry shod,
Death's direful river to divide,
Nor fear its angry swelling tide?

O, where Elijah's mantle now,
To bid the Jordan backward flow,
That he may pass from shore to shore,
And passed, he may return no more?

Our Moses now doth ever stand,
Beyond that swelling Jordan's strand ;
He reacheth out His mighty hand,
And bids us come at His command.

When Israel crossed to Canaan's shore,
The sacred ark was borne before,
And in the Jordan's bed it stood,
While passed the hosts the arrested flood.

So now the covenant of grace,
Doth now all fear of death displace;
In midst of death, that covenant stands,
And death for us now hath no bands.

The Son of God, inspired by love,
Descended from His throne above,
Laid all His bliss and glory by,
On ignominious cross to die.

The Son of God, of woman born,
Weighed down with grief and human scorn,
With guilty man He shared his pain,
That guilty man with Him might reign.

For him, the Man of Sorrows died,
To purge his sins, was crucified;
For him, the crimson tide did flow,
That He, for man His love might show.

His bruised form, by friends forlorn
To Joseph's tomb was gently borne,
And in His Sepulcher was laid,
The price of man's redemption paid.

Living, with guilty man He shared,
The pains to sinful state declared ;
Hunger and thirst He often knew,
All ills to that condition due.

Dying, He felt the pangs of death
As man, His last expiring breath ;
As man is laid among the dead,
With him, in death, He made His bed.

In life, on earth, no home had He ;
He knew the sting of poverty ;
He suffered much, and often wept,
And prayed while His disciples slept.

He died, deserted, on the cross, alone,
For man's transgression to atone ;
And from the cross His form was borne
By those who for His death did mourn.

In a new tomb, hewn out of stone,
A gift of love by Joseph shown,
His form was laid by this true friend,
Till He the bands of death should rend.

No tomb on earth such glory gained
As where the Lord of life remained
In bands of death, the appointed time,
To rise a Conqueror sublime.

An angel rolled away the stone
That closed the entrance to the grave;
His countenance like lightning shone;
The Lord came forth, with power to save.

How dear to Joseph now, that tomb,
From whence the glorious Lord did come;
How sweet would be his final rest,
In that dear place His Lord had blest.

That sacred tomb hath now more praise,
More glory now, the earth around,
Than mausoleums men do raise,
To mightiest kings and conquerors crowned.

Contending hosts have bravely fought,
With all their power this tomb have sought,
Their hosts to inspire, the battle cry
Was raised, The tomb of Christ, or die!

Of all the earth, no brighter gem,
So shines in Glory's diadem,
The glory of Jerusalem,
That hallowed tomb, to the sons of men.

Our Lord did ne'er intend His grave,
Of direful war should be the scene,
Nor round His tomb should fury rave
The marshaled hosts of war between.

But Christ hath given to every grave,
Of glorious hope, the same to have,
Wherein believing saints are laid;
For all alike the ransom's paid.

Wherever lies a sainted one,
In humble, solitary grave,
Or sepulcher of sculptured stone,
With lofty dome and costly nave,

In desert, bleaching in the wind,
Or in unfathomed ocean's deep,
No difference will believers find,
Who in their Lord, in hope, do sleep.

It is the loving heart, that gives
A sacred halo to the place ;
From our own hearts, the grave derives
It solemn charm, its mournful grace.

It is our love, that clothes a friend,
With every glowing charm we see ;
Affection every grace doth lend
To loving one, so dear to thee.

But, as to him, now passed away,
More fervent in our love, he now
Doth seem adorned with brighter ray,
His smile more sweet, more fair his brow.

How sweet the thought to those that live,
To think, when in the grave they lie,
A stronger love will absence give
To those whom we are cherished by.

The flowers that grow on that dear tomb
Have brighter sheen, diviner hue,
More sweet perfume, a lovelier bloom,
Than ever else in garden grew.

By his dear grave, we tearful stand,
And think, Ah! can he ever know,
The flowery gifts of loving hand,
The tears, from weeping eyes that flow.

From that dear tomb, his final home,
No answering voice will ever come;
Where'er the ransomed soul may roam,
His grave will be forever dumb.

No voice hath ever crossed the bound
'Twixt death and life; no human sound
That doleful silence ever broke,
No word of comfort ever spoke.

But still the grave hath greater power,
Than any empire of ancient time,
Or earthly throne, in palmyest hour,
However glorious and sublime.

Those empires in the times gone grey,
Are now forever passed away ;
Nor left have they a trace behind,
All gone, forgot of human kind.

Their crowns and thrones, a grand array,
Are gone, as clouds that fly away ;
Their tombs alone remain sublime,
These have defied the tooth of time.

From monuments of patriots dead,
Who, for their country's honor shed
Their blood, an inspiration comes,
To die, defending land and homes.

But yet the grave hath holier power,
Restraining influence o'er the soul,
A strength bestows in trying hour,
And curbs the heart to self-control,

Whene'er thy soul is sore bestead,
And human strength about to fail,
And clouds do gather o'er thy head,
And all the soul, with dread, doth quail,

Go to a loved one's hallowed grave ;
Its inspiration seek, to save ;
Seek strength from tender memories dear ;
The tempter's power no longer fear.

A father's or a mother's tomb,
May save the soul from threatening doom ;
The penitential tears may flow,
The heart relieve, and save from woe.

O'er all, the tomb hath such a power,
That they, who in their country's hour
Of peril, died, their land to save,
Are honored with a flowery grave.

O'er all the land, each passing year,
With flowers their graves are decked ; the tear
Of sympathy and love is shed,
As spring's sweet flowers are o'er them spread.

But if a soul is wanting here,
No flowers to strew, nor sheds a tear,
Upon himself he draws the scorn
Of all, a wretch ignobly born.

SECTION FOUR.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

While in the grave the dead shall wait,
Until in clouds the Lord shall come,
The soul within the pearly gate,
Will live in bliss, in heavenly home.

The intelligent and conscious soul,
With faculties all unimpaired,
While years pass by and cycles roll,
Enjoys the bliss for saints prepared.

The ransomed soul hath purer sight,
Than while on earth we mortals know ;
In that serene, celestial light,
That round the throne of God doth flow.

With eyes to see, that never dim,
With spiritual sense to see and hear,
They plainly hear the voice of Him,
Their glorious Lord, who calls them near.

The dying Stephen saw the Lord,
Glorious, the throne of God beside;
What joy that sight did him afford,
As praying there, he meekly died.

To dying thief the Lord did say
In Paradise, this very day,
Together, happy shall we be,
And all its joys together see.

These words are plain, as words can be,
And written for our comfort here,
And plainly teach, that we shall see
Him as He is, to us so dear.

And here, no countenance is given,
To unbelief's cold, chilling thought,
That now denies access to heaven,
Until to life the body's brought.

From love of Christ was never born,
A faith so foreign to the soul;
A creed so cold, and so forlorn,
Would o'er our hearts have no control.

This creed of intermission chills ;
This thought the soul with darkness fills ;
This doubting faith no comfort brings,
And clouds all thoughts of heavenly things.

That we should sleep, profoundly deep,
In undefined, mysterious sleep,
From unbelief this creed is born,
And leaves the loving soul forlorn.

For this is, not to be, the same
As the annihilation scheme,
Which some religiously proclaim
With fervent zeal, their favorite theme.

The apostle said, he was in strait ;
He to his Lord would rather go,
But it was better he should wait,
And minister to saints below,

By love of Christ was he constrained,
In all, on earth he did or said ;
For love of saints he here remained,
And joy to duty second made.

This sense we gain from his plain word,
That he would be with his dear Lord,
Immediately he should die;
Such sense do his clear words imply.

O when our soul with love is filled,
With ecstasy our heart is thrilled;
In every sense with joy elate,
We love to soar to the heavenly state.

But unbelief would clip our wings,
And break our harp's sweet thrilling strings,
Its joyful strains no more prolong,
And silent be our heavenly song.

This siren song of unbelief,
Which charms the cold and carnal mind,
Affords the heart no sweet relief,
To heavenly joys so coldly blind.

But when thou'rt to this creed inclined,
A sober, timely warning take,
Nor let a cold and doubting mind,
Its gloomy dwelling in thee make.

Some fault there is, perhaps unknown,
And unsuspected in the heart;
Examination, strict, alone,
May e'er disclose the erring part.

The scriptural cure for this disease,
A certain remedy, that frees
The spirit from its doubting state,
Is, on the Lord, in prayer, to wait.

The apostle Paul, in ecstasy,
Was once caught up in trance on high,
And words unspeakable he heard,
But must not tell a single word.

This special favor Christ had given
To this highly favored one,
That, strengthened by this view of heaven,
He might his race for glory run.

Unutterable things he heard,
For man unlawful to express,
Gave him new strength, with which to gird
His loins with truth and righteousness.

So thoughts of Paradise inspire
The courage of the tempted soul,
When in the race, his soul doth tire,
With zeal to reach the heavenly goal.

All inspiration comes from thence,
All spiritual strength comes from on high ;
With heavenly armor for defense,
The Christian may his foes defy.

Man is inquisitive to know
Of heaven more, while here below ;
Nor deem his curious queries vain ;
These questions, Scripture answers plain,

One question is: Our heaven is where?
And: Shall we know each other there?
And: What shall we enjoy and see?
Such questions oft propounded be.

In all our speculations here,
On things divine we need to fear,
And seek to know with reverent dread ;
Nor rush where angels fear to tread,

Where heaven is, that blisful state,
Is fruitful theme for man's debate;
To reach that state deserves more care;
The How, more import hath, than Where,

Heaven is with God, where'er He be;
If I'm with Him, and He with me,
Although I dwell in lowest state,
My heart will thrill with joy elate.

And this condition filled, we may
With patience wait for clearer ray;
Our Lord hath said, "I am the way
Unto that bright eternal day."

Of this, when more we wish to know,
Walk in this Way, while here below;
Through Life's strait path and gate we go
To bliss, and 'scape eternal woe.

Some place there is, we know not where;
Where God hath set His glorious throne;
Around, the countless myriads are,
Who worship, Father and Son alone.

But where is placed that glorious State,
Where seraphim and angels wait,
Where wait the countless blood-washed throng,
To tell, to us doth not belong.

But where'er it is, the brightest star,
That in the firmament doth shine,
Can never unto it compare;
That palace of our King divine.

In that transcendent holy place,
They need no dazzling solar ray;
For in that consecrated space,
There shines, serene, eternal day

O, take from our existence here,
The toils and woes that on us wait,
From every eye wipe off the tear,
Would make of this a heavenly state.

Thus Eden was, e'er entered sin;
And ever thus, it would have been,
Had it not been for Adam's fall,
But now the curse is over all.

But Eden lost, may we regain,
And in its bliss forever reign;
For more than Eden, Christ doth bring,
If Him we make both Lord and King.

I go, your mansions to prepare,
He said; "All ye my joy shall share,
And all My heavenly glory know,
Who walk by faith with Me below."

A question with importance fraught,
Is oft to our attention brought:
Our Christian friends, who've gone before,
O, will they greet us on that shore?

Or have they lost identity,
Like bubbles on a boundless sea?
Or is remembrance gone for aye,
Unknown to all eternity?

This argument doth overreach
Itself; it would this doctrine teach:
That all on earth forgotten is,
And thus destroy our heavenly bliss.

Forgotten, all our joyful days,
So sweetly spent in prayer and praise ;
Forgotten, all those scenes of woe,
When those dear friends did kindness show.

Our loving hearts repel the thought,
That is with such conclusion fraught ;
The tempter's artful snare is this :
From us to steal our heavenly bliss.

Did Christ His followers forget,
On whom, on earth, His love was set,
For whom, He said, He would prepare,
Those heavenly mansions, bright and fair ?

Shall we know Him, and will He know
Those whom He saves from sin and woe ?
We sure shall know, we need not fear,
The friends He used to save us here.

When hence from us our friends depart,
We soothe the aching of our heart
With this refrain : We'll part no more,
When we shall meet on Canaan's shore.

This means that we shall meet as friends,
Whom we have known and loved before;
And when life's toilsome journey ends,
We'll joyful meet, to part no more.

This instinct on our soul is writ;
God on our hearts hath graven it,
That, when we read the inscription there,
We might not yield to deep despair.

“ We all shall know as we are known ; ”
This truth is by the Scripture taught,
These words are argument alone,
And give the demonstration sought.

O happy greetings on that shore !
O happy life forevermore !
When all our toils and grief are o'er,
With sainted friends we've known before.

On earth, when happy scenes we see,
And share with friends, we happier be ;
And half our happiness is gone,
When what we see, we see alone.

While in the grave the body waits,
Until, in clouds, the Lord doth come,
The soul, within the pearly gates,
Doth dwell in its immortal home.

The intelligent and conscious soul,
With faculties now unimpaired,
While years pass by, and cycles roll,
Enjoys the bliss for saints prepared.

The soul doth never sleep; its power
It never intermits an hour,
Just as the heart doth ever beat
And its pulsations doth repeat.

Conscious or not, we little know
The untiring, constant, ceaseless flow
Of life's supporting, crimson tide,
That through our veins doth ever glide.

The soul's a spark of quenchless fire,
Drawn from divine, immortal Sire,
Endowed with immortality,
A living flame, that cannot die,

And understood by God alone,
And privileged to share His throne,
A son and heir forever be,
Throughout a blest eternity.

The Lord of dust man's body made,
And in it breathed the living soul,
And then pronounced him good, and said,
Here Eden is, enjoy the whole.

Immortal was the corporeal frame,
And like the soul, should never die;
But on that perfect form there came
A change, and death and misery.

In fated time, the body dies,
And in the silent grave it lies;
But faith in Christ relieves the soul
From judgment and the law's control.

But when the Archangel's trump shall sound
Its thunder peal, the world around,
At once revived, and disenthralled,
That form's to life and glory called.

Till then, all honor to the dead,
By loving souls be freely shown ;
And o'er their graves sweet flowerets spread,
O'er those we know, or those unknown.

As we do linger at the tomb
Of one now gone, to us so dear,
We think of his eternal home,
Our faith doth bring it still more near.

True Faith looks upward to the skies ;
True Love looks up with streaming eyes :
Sure Hope stands by, both strong and fair,
And leans upon her anchor there.

These silent graves still nearer bring
Our hearts to those who living are,
Afflicted hearts more closely cling
To those who do their sorrows share.

SECTION FIVE.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

The active, curious, inquiring mind,
When serious he doth contemplate
His future state, would know what kind
Of spiritual change, doth him await.

This heavenly instinct, in us placed,
Doth us distinguish from the brute;
This law, upon our nature traced,
Invites and urges our pursuit

Of heavenly things; while time and sense,
Would fill our minds with other cares,
And quiet us with false pretense,
No time have we for such affairs.

Wert thou an heir of an earthly king,
With power and pomp beyond compare,
Wouldst thou such futile reason bring,
And fail that glorious throne to share?

The heart of man doth now devise
His plan, the Holy Scriptures say,
But God the true and only wise,
In love directs his earthly way.

Then wouldst thou strain thine every nerve;
That heritage thou wouldst preserve,
And care would take, and fitness bring,
That thou might'st reign a glorious king.

Thou art a favored son and heir
With Him, who sits upon the throne;
And in His glory shalt thou share,
Who rules all earth and heaven alone.

Then grateful be, if e'er inclined
More of God and heaven to know;
Obey this impulse of the mind;
'Twill lead you in His paths to go.

Let man pile up his sordid wealth,
And load himself with worldly care;
Then death will come with silent stealth,
And disappointment and despair.

In a future state what then shall be
The due reward of victory?
What shall we do, what glories see,
When we, from sin and death, are free?

A solemn and momentous thought
Is this, to our attention brought;
To this, all worldly things are naught,
To this, an answer now is sought.

What we shall do, or what we'll say,
We scarce can tell from day to day,
In this, our ever-changeful state;
Certain to know, we needs must wait.

Still, ever anxious, we to know
Our future fate, conjecture, all;
The day, itself, alone can show
The cares that will ourselves befall.

Man ever thinks, but does not know;
What he will do, or where he'll go;
But still his mind doth ever run
Upon this theme, from sun to sun.

In manhood, still like children, we
Give range to thoughts and fancies, free,
What we shall do, what we shall see,
And what shall our employment be.

We guess all these and often miss ;
Our fancies all amount to this,
And only this, that different fate,
All these conjectures doth await.

Sometimes we may anticipate,
To small extent our future fate,
But still, in some things, different,
Not satisfying our intent.

When we, on earth, cannot forecast
Our fortune here, a single day,
Little encouragement thou hast
To think aright, and less, to say.

“ If I have told you earthly things,”
To the Pharisee the Lord did say,
“ And this, to me, no credit brings,
How can I speak of the heavenly way.”

By parables and visions bright,
The holy prophets have assayed,
The glorious things, in realms of light,
To tell, but not the half have they portrayed.

What style of persons we shall be,
Entered upon that glorious state;
With veiled face, we cannot see,
No human tongue can e'er relate.

To this intent the apostle spake,
Whatever else is now concealed,
This consolation he doth take,
That hath to him been sure revealed.

He saith, We all like Him shall be,
What time we shall each other see;
O sweet and comprehensive thought!
Within its scope all joy is brought.

This likeness to our Lord involves
The answer, and our question solves;
Like His, will our employment be,
Through cycles of eternity.

But, e'er we speak of heavenly things,
Our ready recollection brings
To mind the hallowed sacred scene,
When Israel's prophet the Lord had seen.

In words of deep humility,
He cried, abased, "Ah! woe is me;
I've look upon the Lord of all,
And on His mercy need to call.

A coal from off thine altar take,
And with it touch my lips unclean;
My sinful heart, thy temple make,
That I may dare to tell th' unseen.

On God's sure word, we now rely,
Nor on imagination lean,
To speak of things beyond the sky,
By happy saints and angels seen,

Where leads the Lamb His glorified,
Rejoicing, happy, blood-washed throng,
For whom a cruel death He died,
The theme of many a gospel song.

On sacred Zion's gleaming height,
Within the new Jerusalem ;
He leads, by Life's pure river bright,
And Life's fair tree He gives to them.

No man could number all that host,
The power of computation's lost,
Of every race, and every clime,
Now gathered on those heights sublime,

With swelling voice, they now do cry,
Salvation to our God on high,
To Him who sitteth on the throne,
To God, and to the Lamb alone.

And John, in vision, saw this throng,
With rapture saw, and heard the song
Of multitudes, by love redeemed,
O'erwhelmed with wonder seemed.

“ And one of the elders said to me,
This throng from whence, in white arrayed,
With harps and palms of victory?
These whom you see, the elder said, ”

“ Are they, from tribulation come ;
Of all their bliss, this is the sum,
In Jesus’ blood, those robes so bright,
From sin were washed to snowy white.”

“ Therefore are they before the throne,
And ever serve Him, night and day,
The Lamb, who did for sin atone,
And all their guilt did purge away.”

This flock, the Lamb shall ever feed,
By living fountains ever lead,
And wipe their every tear away ; ”
Thus doth the Revelation say.

This side of that transcendent place,
The turbid waters of a stream
Flow, chill and dark, dark banks between ;
This must be passed by all our race.

Through death to life, the transit’s made,
From earth, to those bright shining plains,
No more to grope in gloomy shade,
Where fullest joy forever reigns.

But, O the bliss of those who there,
In heavenly joys do ever share,
Their ecstasy beyond compare,
Who dwell in realms divinely fair.

While heaven's high dome, with echoes rings,
To Him, the Lord of lords, and King of kings,
One loving voice there ever sings,
And strikes his harp's responsive strings.

We shall His glorious image bear,
And in His glory have a share;
“For all on earth who follow me,”
He said, “shall all my glory see.”

“We shall behold Him, as He is,”
This is the sum of heavenly bliss;
But Solomon saith more than this,
“And He is mine, and I am His.”

Thus saith the Song of Solomon,
When speaking of the Church, the Bride,
Whom, by His death, the Lord had won,
From guilt and sin; now purified.

This does not mean that we shall share
In sacred names, that He doth bear,
The names of Prophet, Priest and King,
That saints on earth do ever sing.

We need a Prophet here below,
Life's narrow path and gate to show;
We need a Priest, our sins to wash away,
A King, whose rule all must obey.

In heaven, they need no Prophet there,
For them no need of priestly prayer,
No King to rule with iron sway,
The Lord doth rule with love alway.

The greatest joy to loving bride,
Is by the loving bridegroom's side;
And from her loved one's side to go,
Would be for her the deepest woe.

“ And as the bridegroom doth rejoice
Over his bride, so over thee
Shall God rejoice,” is plainly said,
So plain, “that he, that runs, may read.”

“ Rejoice ye, in that day, for joy,”
A rich reward doth you await,
That all your powers will then employ,
To occupy your heavenly state.

And thus, with Him, is highest joy ;
Like Him, is bliss without alloy ;
To be like Christ, while here on earth,
Is greater joy than worldly mirth.

And from this fount doth ever spring
Those graces fair, that ever bring
The soul true joy and happiness,
The Lord's reward for righteousness.

But when the soul from sin is freed,
And we are like our Lord indeed,
Without a fault before His throne,
Then will our joy be fully known.

SECTION SIX.

CHILDHOOD.

Our fates on earth are all our own,
For our misdeeds we must atone,
When conscience sits upon the throne,
And hath to us our duty shown.

This is the condemnation set,
For those who know and do forget,
What they should do in deed and thought,
“Ye knew your duty and did it not.”

This sentence on our ears doth fall;
Its justness doth our souls appal;
We know our guilt, and hence we must
Acknowledge that the sentence's just.

Our only hope is in the cross
Of Him, who on it suffered loss
And cruel ignominious pain,
That we might righteousnes attain.

But half our race do suffer all
The ills and woes that follow sin ;
All these must enter death's dark thrall,
Scarce they their life, so brief, begin,

O, like a shooting star that flies
Athwart the midnight gleaming skies,
And leaves behind a stream of fire,
That in an instant doth expire.

But all that trail of dazzling flame,
That sudden did attract the eye
An atom caused, from space it came,
And then to space returned for aye.

An instant flash, and all is o'er
From space profound it sudden came,
And signifies to us no more,
Than fleeting dream, or transient flame.

Not so with childhood's brief career,
That doth for so brief time appear,
God sent it on its mission here
Our careworn, burdened souls to cheer.

This earth without a happy child,
A desert dark would be, a wild
And barren waste, so chill and drear,
So full of gloom and constant fear.

O, childhood is a beauteous flower,
'Tis planted by our thorny path
To soothe our toilsome, weary hour,
With sweetest charms that childhood hath

All they that run in heedless haste,
Some earthly groveling aim to reach;
Of childhood joys they never taste,
Nor learn the lesson it doth teach.

What wondrous possibility,
Doth now in tender childhood lie,
From spark of fire, to mighty sun,
Or drop of dew to an ocean grown.

How limitless its destiny
In lapse of vast eternity!
So weak in helpless infancy,
And then a towering angel high.

The mother clasps the little one,
Unto her breast so soft and warm,
So happy, if a smile is won,
As it doth lean upon her arm.

To mother fond the sweetest charge,
Ever on earth to mortal given ;
Her loving heart it doth enlarge,
And she doth bless the gift from heaven.

O mother and child ! the artist's dream,
Of many a holy song, the theme,
The Virgin's child, and God's dear Son,
From her He put His manhood on.

Sweet childhood, God hath sanctified,
And o'er them placed an angel guard ;
The Son, this warning hath applied,
To such as Him do disregard.

It better were, that he be thrown
Down from some height into the sea,
Than harm by him shall e'er be done
To those who do believe in me.

O mother and child, this lesson learn,
The child, for whom your heart doth yearn,
In lowly cot, or mansion styled,
The Lord doth bless your darling child.

The mother fondles her sweet child,
And in such work she'd never tire
With gentleness and accents mild
To gain its love she doth desire.

The child, a ready scholar, he,
With tiny hands, and twinkling eyes,
And charming ways of infancy
In loving smiles to her replies.

To her the scene an elysium is,
A spring of overflowing bliss,
And if a heaven on earth there be
Its this, her darling child to see.

The scene is changed ; and in an hour,
Has drooped its head that lovely flower ;
The scintillating light is gone
From sparkling orbs, where late it shone.

All cold and pallid is that brow,
Where lately played the loving smile,
Those cherub lips are sealed now,
That did the mother once beguile.

The Lord who gave has taken away
This priceless treasure of her heart,
The Lord, He called; he could not stay,
From loving mother he must part.

And now he shines, a radiant gem,
In the mediatorial diadem
Of Him, who of the children said,
Come unto me, be not afraid.

These little ones, let none offend,
Their angel guards, who now attend
Their wants, "behold my Father's face,"
Before the throne in heavenly grace.

O, childhood's halcyon happy days,
They well deserve poetic lays,
And well inspire the highest praise
So tender, sweet, are childhood's ways,

All else may be from memory's page
Effaced, but still decrepid age
Those memories sweet will oft recall ;
In that sweet dream, the tear may fall.

More recent scenes he will forget,
Those things on which his mind was set,
Those things to which he gave the strength,
Of early life, are gone at length.

And o'er the wrecks of manhood's pride,
A cloud of darkness now is hung,
Of these no gleam doth now abide ;
To oblivion now they all are flung.

But bright and clear a gleam is seen,
Those gloomy rifted clouds between,
A transitory, vivid gleam
And of his life the happiest dream.

If he in moral darkness grope,
Of future bliss without a hope,
Of saddest words, the sad refrain,
" I would I were a child again."

SECTION SEVEN.

CHILDHOOD.

Expressions of poetic thought,
Need delicately to be wrought,
And every verse with beauty fraught,
Down to our comprehension brought.

The things presented in this theme
Their practical importance draw
From no imaginary dream,
Nor what unbridled fancy saw.

These things are real, though rare exprest,
And so entwined with living truth,
That if from their connection wrest,
That truth itself must come to ruth.

But to return to that sad scene
Of deep maternal, bitter woe,
Which late, so true, hath pictured been,
Of grief the saddest here below.

From a mother's heart a flower is torn,
Her loving heart is pierced with thorn,
And solitary, sad, forlorn,
With aching heart she now doth mourn.

The mother watching by her child,
When first the flow of grief is o'er,
To her great loss not reconciled
Now calls to mind her joy before.

Those memories sweet her heart oppress,
Again renew her deep distress,
Her nature reels, she feels the shock
Fond memories do her misery mock.

She o'er him falls, and face to face
She clasps him in her fond embrace;
Like Rachel now, uncomforted,
She waileth now her darling dead.

We turn from that pathetic scene,
A scene of deep maternal woe,
While from the sorrowing sighs between,
Her plaintive wails and words do flow.

With streaming eyes and heaving breast,
Her aching heart so sore distress,
Her mind o'er her affliction ran;
She wept, as only a mother can.

Where now, Mount Gilead's noted balm?
The great, divine Physician, where?
This storm-swept breast to soothe and calm,
And still the waves now raging there.

He, present in His word, would say,
The Lord who gave has taken away;
He planted in your home a flower,
Which now shall bloom in Eden's bower.

Heartstricken one, this solace take,
And find in it some sweet relief,
Be comforted for his dear sake,
Although your joy in him was brief.

A darling in your earthly home
An angel now he hath become,
An angel's now is his employ,
That service now his highest joy.

Our earthly loves do blind the eye,
To things divine, beyond the sky,
Our vision then to purify,
The Lord, our faith and love doth try.

Doth oft from us, in love remove
That darling intercepting joy
To realms of everlasting love,
Where bliss doth reign without alloy.

The floods that from our eyes do flow,
Turn our thoughts from things below,
And we, with brighter, clearer light
Now see, with unobstructed sight,

By faith, of single pearl the gates,
Where entrance in the soul awaits,
And jasper walls so high and bright
Resplendent with eternal light.

In fiery furnace gold is tried;
The purifier sits beside,
And patient waits, till he behold
His image there in molten gold.

Then more like Christ, with brightened charms
Her spirit shines, her tempest calms,
She takes the cup, sent from on high,
An angel soothes her agony.

If other olive plants there are,
Around her table gathered there,
And in a mother's love do share,
On these she doth bestow more care

The half of human kind doth go
Into the realm of death below,
Before they've learned of God to know,
Or sense of good and evil show.

For these the gospel doth provide,
Salvation, by the crimson tide
That flowed from Jesus' pierced side,
Who ne'er the gospel call denied.

For them the Lord of glory dies,
For them his blood doth now suffice,
To them in childhood calleth He,
Come, little children, come to me.

Mortal, of mortal race, they be;
Their share they take of misery,
And suffer, in their life's brief span;
To them, such is the heavenly plan.

Their sufferings from no guilt arise,
Their guilt, the Christ hath taken away,
'Gainst them no claim of Justice cries
The claims of Justice Christ did pay.

What justice then, that they should die
And drink the cup of misery?
In death's dark realm, we question why
Sweet innocents in darkness lie.

The Lord in wisdom doth ordain,
That they who suffer with Him here,
With Him shall there forever reign,
When they in glory shall appear.

Like their dear Lord they now must lie
In the dark grave, whene'er they die,
That they may go to glory bright
And shine in everlasting light.

These little ones, let none despise,
Or think unworthy of our care,
Who to the heights of glory rise.
And in their Savior's glory share.

“Those whom the gods do love, die young,”
So doth the heathen poets say;
No sweeter truth was ever sung
None greater ever graced their lay.

Those, dying young, the Lord doth love,
Expresses in a better way
Th' important truth of those above,
Who bask in everlasting day.

“Unless as children ye become,”
Our Lord to His disciples said,
“To heavenly joys ye'll never come;”
This credit He to children paid.

And this, to us doth indicate
Conditions for the heavenly state;
Let none of us prevaricate,
But learn from this our future fate.

The things that childhood doth imply
'Tis well for us to ascertain,
And gauge ourselves by these, and try
To understand these graces plain.

A surer way, perhaps, is not
To measure ourselves by what
They show, as what they don't possess,
And this upon our minds to press.

Herein is now proposed a test,
Both plain and practical in kind,
For ordinary use the best
We satisfactorily can find.

In this our Lord made no mistake;
Full well the case He understood,
That they, in rivalry did make
Contention for their selfish good.

They had contended, in their pride,
For highest place, their Lord beside,
And children now but little show
This fault, its meaning little know.

Our Lord, here plainly seeks to prove,
That when our pride the soul doth move,
There is no place for heavenly love,
No true desire for joys above.

“ A little child shall lead them,” said
Israel’s seer, when he referred
In type, to plan and compact made,
Between wild beasts and gentle herd.

“ And then, shall naught destroy or harm,”
Saith He, “ in all my holy hill,”
All wavering foes He will disarm,
And all the lands with peace will fill.

He will all strife put down, and then,
His hand, upon a scorpion’s den,
A child might place, and not a sting,
Would he receive from harmful thing.

Where childhood’s cared for, is a state
Of happiness, to all concerned;
And this condition guides the fate
Of all, whatever way ’tis turned.

“Who shall a child offend,” said He,
“’Twere better far, a stone were hung
About his neck, and he were flung
Into th’ unfathomed raging sea.”

In heaven, we all shall children be
Like them from earthly cares set free,
Arrayed in sweet simplicity
Through cycles of eternity.

And from the blood-washed child-like soul
There will, in lapse of time unroll
The power of mightiest angel bright,
That soars and sings on Zion’s height.

From this, a lesson learn, and fear
To trespass on sweet childhood’s rights,
Nor careless cause a single tear;
In childhood’s flower the Lord delights.

All those, sincere, who take delight,
In childhood’s innocent sweet way,
’Twill keep their virtues ever bright,
And o’er them shed a heavenly ray.

The child, the father of the man,
Will indirectly, surely, be;
For this is God's benevolent plan,
To teach us all sweet purity.

If music's tone, and brightest flower,
Do, o'er our sentient spirit, pour
Their powerful influence benign,
They do fulfill the plan divine.

" Music hath charms to soothe the breast,
Of savage wild " the poet said,
For naught will give the soul more rest,
Than holy song, or sung, or read.

Than music's thrill, or sweetest flower,
A greater influence hath the hour,
That's spent in childhood's happier bower,
On all, who come within its power.

SECTION EIGHT.

PROBATION.

When gazing on the starry skies
Bestrewed with constellations bright,
Amazed, the adoring Psalmist cries,
O, what is man now in thy sight?

When I survey the heavens, that shine
With stars, thy handiwork divine,
The moon serene thou didst ordain
To rule o'er sable night's domain,

O, what is man so frail and weak
That thou shouldst mindful be, or seek
To visit him on earth below,
And him such condescension show.

And lower scarce than angels be,
Thou 'mad'st and crowned the man, that he
O'er all the earth should rule supreme,
Nor other creature equal deem.

To him thou gavest full control,
O'er all on earth, to rule the whole
O'er land and sea, from pole to pole,
While round the year the seasons roll.

God's like, the man, God's own design
Of dust was formed, by art divine,
A lifeless form, an inert whole
Until inspired with living soul.

O wonderfully am I made,
And marvellous thy work! he said:
And that, my soul doth know right well,
To generations he doth tell.

In all his attributes, the man,
According to the gracious plan,
Created was; that form divine,
Doth god-like qualities combine.

And such was he, when from the hand
Of God, creation's masterpiece,
He did obey his Lord's command,
In innocence, and righteousness.

The Tempter came, with artful wile,
His unsuspecting soul to try
With words deceitful to beguile ;
If thou dost eat, thou'lt never die,

But will like gods become, all wise,
And good and evil truly know ;
My counsel do not thou despise,
Open, thine eyes, thou'lt find it so.

Forgot was now the Lord's command ;
“ The fruit of that forbidden tree,
On it thou shalt not lay thine hand,
To take and eat, all else is free.”

A deeper sin than this is seen,
In his mistrust of God's own word,
Which told to him so clear had been,
Which first he had so plainly heard.

This wage of sin, he then did earn,
“ Of dust, to dust shalt thou return ; ”
Immortal first, he now became
Mortal, and all his glory, shame.

A sinful mortal, doomed to die;
For him the earth was cursed with thorn,
And he, to toil and misery,
And children's children from him born.

To Eden all return was barred;
An angel, with a flaming sword,
Turned every way, those gates to guard,
To enforce the mandate of the Lord.

Behind, they left all earthly joy,
Supremest bliss without alloy;
Before them, sorrow dire and gloom,
Their self-precipitated doom.

But on that dark and murky sky,
A glorious star now riseth high:
New hope, this star did bring to them,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

“There shall in future time arise,
A child of thine, beyond the skies;
Who shall the Tempter trample down,
And earn for you a heavenly crown.”

In time all men shall blessed be,
To them He shall deliverance bring,
From pain and death and misery,
The Lord of lords, of kings the King

O joy to earth's remotest bound;
The joyful news, the earth around,
Now brightest in night's diadem,
Gem like, the star of Bethlehem.

Believe in Him, and ye shall live,
And of His grace shall all receive;
By unbelief was Eden lost,
Of disobedience this the cost.

By faith, we Eden must regain,
By faith in Him, who lives again;
From you He'll purge your guilty stain,
And you with Him shall ever reign.

This generous promise's ever been
The brightest star of hope to men,
A light, a hope, a joy to them,
The radiant star of Bethlehem.

Two other things from Eden brought,
And worthy to employ our thought,
The holy Sabbath, day of rest,
The marriage tie which God hath blest.

And wedlock's sacred bond a charm
To our condition here doth lend,
The surest guard 'gainst every harm,
To highest bliss 'twill ever tend.

Of earthly joys, this was supreme
In Eden's blissful fragrant bower,
When in life's young and happy dream,
They passed their transient happy hour

E'er Eve was formed in Eden's bower,
Did Adam live in joy alone,
Nor knew the bliss of nuptial hour,
A loving bride, to him unknown.

Long sleep the Lord to him now brought;
Out from his side, a bride He wrought
Near his heart, a truth to show
God did intend that man should know.

This rare and radiant creature stood
Before the astonished raptured man,
In pure and glorious womanhood,
Whose charms to tell no mortal can.

More beautiful than can be told,
Creation's beauties all excelling,
A dream to art, the poets old,
Upon her charms were ever dwelling.

And all her charms of tint and hue,
No tinted flower of Eden knew,
The fragrance of her breath more sweet,
Than sweetest flowers beneath her feet.

Of beauty's charms, the paragon,
A halo round her person shone,
All radiant as a veil of light,
Resplendent shone, so heavenly bright,

But in her face, divinely fair,
There shone a soul beyond compare,
As seemed an angel there did dwell,
To cast o'er all, his heavenly spell.

This overpowering spell was there,
Thrown o'er the man, as heavenly snare,
To lead his soul in virtue's path,
To reap the joys that virtue hath.

This spell from Eden now she brings,
And ever since, she doth maintain;
O'er whom this snare she deftly flings,
Her power o'er him she doth retain.

This spell, of such great power possessed,
This snare, have men, or cursed or blessed,
As unto sin it did incline,
Or unto virtue's ways divine.

This queen of Eden now is led,
By hand divine to Adam's side,
This radiant one, for him to wed,
And now to bless, his glorious bride.

The perfumed air with fragrance filled,
Breathed soft and low, as zephyr stilled,
All nature sympathetic thrilled,
All this, the gracious Father willed.

This scene was there, of earthly bliss
The prototype, and earthly joy,
Supreme transcendent happiness,
An ecstasy without alloy.

The Lord performs the nuptial rites,
In wedlock now this pair unites,
And doth pronounce the twain made one;
And thus their bliss on earth's begun.

Thus brief and cold the tale we've told,
Of scene so beautiful and fair;
But who can gild the virgin gold,
Or lily paint so wondrous rare?

No scene on earth so full of joy,
So fraught with bliss without alloy,
No hour in all our happiest days,
So well deserving joyful lays,

As when true love puts on the crown,
The bridal wreath, the holy bond;
On them its blessing heaven sends down
Upon the wedded pair so fond.

The happiest scene, in happiest hour,
That Eden knew in blissful bower,
Repeats itself, when'er the sun
Looks down upon the twain made one.

No fault is seen, no fault is known,
When perfect love sits on the throne,
No chilling care, no cold surmise,
No anxious thought, no dread surprise,

Invades the consecrated hour,
When love's within her bridal bower,
Their hearts are one, no single thought,
From each by each their love is sought.

And when the sacrament is done,
And matrimonial rites are said,
Then, hand in hand the twain made one,
Receive the cheer by friendship made.

To her new home the bride departs,
And leaves the scenes of happy youth,
Behind, she leaves dear longing hearts,
To go with him, who's love and truth,

Inspired by love, she boldly dares
All that an unknown future hath,
Their hopes and fears she common shares,
As they do walk their flowery path.

Let come what will, why let it come,
In heart she says, if not in word,
Strong in her love, with sweet accord,
With him, of earthly bliss the sum.

Let gloomy clouds o'ercast the sky,
On hope's sure anchor she'll rely,
And see the rainbow sprung on high,
When her beloved companion nigh.

To their new home they now repair,
That home for her in love prepared,
That home in mutual love they share;
No place with this can be compared.

O, home, sweet home, is ever sung,
Where'er is used our native tongue,
Its thrilling charm, nor time, nor space,
From human heart can e'er efface.

In home is love, in home is rest,
When home is with affection blest ;
Where'er on earth a man may roam,
His home is heaven, and heaven's his home.

Whence then, this word, its wondrous power,
To make of humble cot a bower,
That man doth seek in weary hour
When on his sky, the storm doth lower,

The charm is told when loving bride
Doth o'er the loving home preside,
To this man comes with longing heart,
From this reluctant doth depart.

The glory of man is a fading flower,
And like a dream, it passeth away,
Like vapor in the morning hour,
Or drop of dew at break of day.

The patient patriarch of old
Was rich in many a flock and fold ;
The Tempter came and in a day,
Those flocks and herds had passed away

Firm as a rock that patriarch stood,
To God resigned in patient mood,
And blessed the Lord that very day,
Who wisely gives and takes away.

“ Of the patience of Job, ye have heard,”
Is the inspired apostle’s word;
That he his faith did then maintain,
And twice his former wealth regain.

This lesson then, mankind must heed,
And comfort take, in sorest need;
The Lord afflicts, but not in vain,
He takes away, but gives again.

We’ve seen the happy home, and bride,
The joy that now doth there abide,
Of human happiness the flower;
Of this, no lease hath man, an hour.

The flowers do wither, fade and die,
But then their seeds do multiply,
And lovely flowers in beauty bloom,
Where other flowerets found a tomb.

Our life on earth is but a school,
Where love divine and wisdom rule;
The purpose is to teach the way,
And lead us to eternal day.

The Lord Himself our master is,
And leads the way to heavenly bliss,
And He Himself was schooled in this;
By following Him, we'll never miss.

"Come, learn of me," He kindly said,
And of my yoke be not afraid;
My easy burden on you bind,
And peace and rest you'll surely find.

That home of yours, so sweet and dear,
Your school must be, while living here;
'Tis only for a transient time,
In heaven will be your home sublime.

The spirit of love that reigneth here,
And makes thy wedded life so dear,
Is antetype of joys above,
Where saints do dwell in perfect love.

The bride and groom do symbolize,
That blest estate, to which we rise,
The Church redeemed that glorious bride,
The Lord, the Bridegroom, by her side.

If earthly home do pass away,
Our home in heaven will then appear
To us, who grieve but for a day,
The more divinely sweet and dear.

It oft a wonder is, O, why,
Do loveliest things so quickly die,
Why loveliest flowers should soonest fade,
In sweetest bower, in glen or glade.

The sweetest strains of sweetest song,
Melodious notes do not prolong,
Beyond the time the artist sings,
But stops, when stops his quivering strings.

Sweet music's sounds vibrate the air,
And in an instant all is gone,
A moment we entranced are,
And sudden lost is sweetest tone.

O, were there not in human soul,
Some secret chord that music smites,
O'er which melodious notes do roll,
And the responsive soul delights,

O vain would be sweet music's charm,
And vainer still, the singer's art,
The troubled soul it would not calm,
Nor soothe distressed and aching heart.

But these sweet things are to our souls allied,
By nature's taste to us applied,
Though ceased, we still do hear the song
And joyful we those notes prolong.

Perhaps those notes in distant time,
In some remote and foreign clime,
Will then revive their melody
With all their power, in sweetest memory.

As sea shell picked from ocean's strand,
Although so far conveyed in land,
When to the ear full close applied,
We hear old ocean's beating tide,

Impressions on our souls are made,
By things that sound and things that fade,
When dies the sound and fades the bloom,
That bide with us till day of doom.

With palsied form, with chilled blood,
Old age is in despondent mood;
Before his mind, oft sudden springs
Remembrance sweet of childish things.

If pure in heart those memories crown
His life, and proudly do his brow adorn,
But on his life if conscience frown,
Those flowers will pierce with many thorn.

A lesson, hence, we all may learn,
Its import easily discern;
To heed it if we only would,
'T would save from ill, and bring us good.

If scenes of earth must pass away,
The brightest, sweetest in our way,
Their beauty catch, e'er they are past;
Enjoy, improve them while they last.

These scenes are sent us from above,
And picture God's eternal love;
And this intent they all declare,
Our souls for joy they will prepare

The home that's lost, we will resume,
Within the palace of our King,
Eternal light will it illume,
Where fadeless flowers will ever spring.

Our Father, God, our Brother there,
The Bride, the Church, is by His side,
Dear friends and brethren are then
Arrayed in white and glorified.

And nothing of love and beauty's lost,
'Tis found among that heavenly host,
The happiest scenes on earth we knew
Will more than their first joy renew

Our losses here we'll then regain,
Our crosses changed for glittering crowns,
The blissful thrill, for piercing pain,
For lost, restored, all heaven resounds.

EPILOGUE.

IN MEMORIAM.

On memory's page we read the past;
Alike all things it holdeth fast;
Nor from the page can we erase,
The good or bad we would efface.

Full oft it is the greatest foe,
To peace of mind that man can know;
And often is his greatest friend,
When past and present joyful blend.

To man this precious boon is given,
It doth enhance his every joy;
It is the fount of bliss in heaven,
If we aright this gift employ.

If not the memory will bring
Fresh fuel to the burning flame,
And sharpen conscience's piercing sting,
Of this the second death's the name.

But memory hath a tenderer view,
A more delightful office hath,
To save and keep the good and true,
Like sweetest flowers, that strew our path.

The flowers that in our memory are,
Immortal live, immortal grow ;
They shed their sweet perfumery there,
More beauty have, more brightly glow.

But when fond memory enshrines,
Deep in our heart, some noble soul,
Whose worth the loving heart entwines,
Perfect, it doth the heart control.

And such an one there was of late,
But now he's entered on that state,
Where shines he with the glorified ;
A memory still he will abide.

This sweetest boon to us given,
The memory of our friends in heaven,
Who now, all pure and sanctified
Do seem to walk our souls beside.

Remembering them more comfort brings
To us, than other earthly things;
Remembering them new strength appears,
To save us from our griefs and fears.

Within the church, the Lord hath set
A sacrament, lest we forget
His anguish on the cross, and blood,
That from His bruised body flowed.

“As oft as ye do this,” He saith,
“Ye do show forth my cruel death,
Until, in clouds with power I come
To take you to my heavenly home.”

This obligation we do owe
To Him, who doth on us bestow
His heavenly grace while here below,
And thus, His love divine doth show.

When we observe this rite enjoined
On us, we shall sweet comfort find,
And sweeter still, if it remind
Of those within our hearts enshrined.

By tenderest ties, O, when alive,
Our loving hearts did them entwine,
Now, at the grave those ties revive,
And then our love and hope combine.

For, in this world a snare is set,
That doth entrap our souls, a net
Which good and wise have often met,
And of their peril, oft forget.

Our daily life is a sweeping flood,
And scarce by man can be withstood,
This rapid tide doth bode no good
To him who yields to worldly mood.

The rush, the whirl, the care, the haste,
That do impel a man to waste
His energies in constant care,
May prove to him a fatal snare.

And some for transient glory strive;
And they must strain their every nerve,
If at their goal they would arrive,
And all the glory gained preserve.

And some for store of gold, deny
Themselves all rest, and other thought,
All perils, obstacles, defy,
If what they covet may be got.

And others hurl themselves headlong
Down into pleasure's dark abyss,
When they do hear the Siren's song,
To wake, and hear the Serpent hiss.

"The floods of tears do run adown
My cheeks," the Psalmist mourning cries;
"Because thy statutes they disown,
The floods flow down my streaming eyes."

When death invades their joyful homes,
With stealthy tread, he ever comes,
Unlooked for comes, with sudden shock,
As earthquakes make the mountains rock.

A direful gloom, a deadly pall
Of darkness, on that home doth fall;
Their hearts, surprised, with grief are dazed,
And by the sudden stroke are crazed.

And so the end doth come to all ;
It is our nature's destiny
More frequent than the leaves that fall,
When sweeps the wind sere autumn's sky.

In scenes like this when we can see
The gleam of immortality,
Through rifted clouds dark o'er us hung,
Light on our darkness then is flung.

Immortal love holds back our grief,
From the abyss of dark despair,
Lest we should plunge, for our relief
From woe, headlong to end all there.

Then to the storm submissive bend ;
Resistance doth new fury lend
To the hurricane's resistless stroke,
The willow bends, but snapt, the oak.

Confront your grief, you need not fear ;
With faith and hope your sorrows meet ;
In sorrow deep, affections tear
Will make you consolation sweet.

“The bruised reed He will not break,”
In consolation thus He spake;
In Him, by faith, your refuge make,
Your soul He never will forsake.

“And He shall wipe all tears away,”
So doth the Revelation say;
“Of Tree of Life, they then shall eat,”
That fruit divine, divinely sweet.

“They need no sun on them to shine,
With its illuminating ray;
Far brighter radiance, divine,
From Him, doth make eternal day.”


“And they shall drink of Life’s pure stream,”
Of many a gospel song the theme,
Of this, we hopeful, oft may dream,
Nor ever a fleeting fancy deem,

Our work is done, our story’s told
To souls bereaved, that they may bear
The heavy burden on them rolled,
Nor let their fainting hearts despair.

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